To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
*King.* Thanks *Roſencraus* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
*Que.* Thanks *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſencraus.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſonne: goe ſome of you
And bring theſe Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
*Guil.* Heavens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
*Queen.* Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guil.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'Embaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
*King.* Thou ſtil haſt bin the Father of good newes.
*Pol.* Have I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
*King.* O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.
*Pol.* Give firſt admittance to the Embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
*King.* Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

*Enter Embaſſadors.*

*King.* Well, we ſhall ſift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
*Vol.* Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires:
Upon our firſt he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe; whereat griev'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence

Was



Was falſly borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in briefe obayes,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'aſſay of armes againſt your Majeſtie:
Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy
Gives him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fe
And his Commiſſion, to imploy thoſe Souldiers
So levied as before, againſt the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further ſhowne,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſſe
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
As herein are ſet downe.
*King.* It likes us well,
And at our more conſidered time wee'll read,
Anſwer, and thinke upon this buſineſſe:
Meane time we thank you for your well took labou
Goe to your reſt, at night wee'll feaſt together:
Moſt welcome home. *Exeunt Embaſſador*
*Pol.* This buſineſſe is well ended,
My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What majeſtie ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time;
Therefore brevitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſneſſe the limbes and outward flouriſhe
I will be briefe: your noble ſonne is mad,
Mad call I it, for to define true madneſſe,
What is't but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.
*Quee.* More matter with leſſe art.
*Pol.* Madam I ſweare I uſe no art at all,
That hee's mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty 'tis 'tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will uſe no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remaines
That we finde out the cauſe of this effect,